

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Famous Recipes of Famous Actresses



Crab Meat au Gratin.

By STELLA BARRE.

Crab meat au gratin is a thing most of us order in restaurants because we never have it at home. But I have been teaching my fellow members in the "All Aboard" company how to introduce "crab meat" into the home menu, and now I am ready to take the public into my confidence.

Blend a lump of butter midway between a walnut and an egg in size with flour, and stir to a cream; then add one pint of cream and season with salt, pepper, paprika and a dash of grated onion. To this add two hard boiled eggs which have been thoroughly chopped, and two green peppers cut in shoestrings. Stir in one quart of selected crab meat and one wineglassful of sherry. Heat this in a chafing dish or nickleed saucepan, and when it is bubbling add half a cup of grated cheese.

Serve—taste—and "Delicious" will be the verdict, I am sure.

Modes of the Moment



For the Season.

The skirt of the very useful and smart afternoon gown, illustrated on the left-hand side is slightly draped. A fold of material runs diagonally from the waist to the drape. The bodice has long sleeves finished off with a row of small buttons and the bodice is cut in jockey

style. In the center is shown a charming evening gown carried out in white with a touch of color in the japonica tulle waist band. The foundation is of ivory charmeuse and over this is arranged the crystal-embroidered tulle. Crystal trimming is carried out on the sleeveless

bodice. A smart gown with a graceful skirt is illustrated on the right. A tunic of accordion-pleated silk partially covers the charmeuse skirt; the ends of the sash are finished with heavy silk tassels. The collar and cuffs are made of white linen edged with pleated frills.

Beauty || It Isn't Only Skin Deep, Says Maude Knowlton



Beautiful Maude Knowlton.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"Beauty is not just skin deep—it goes as deep as muscles and blood and brain," said Maude Knowlton, with the combination of buoyancy and conviction that makes a background of emphasis for her every word. "That is not saying that I think beauty is health, for features and figure and expression all have their part in making beauty, and I never forget that it goes right through the outer shell to the bone."

"A girl can't very well choose her birth-place," went on the girl, whose clever gift of mental twist and verbal knife throws added glamour of interest over a complexion that when it is not covered with healthy summer-sun-and-ocean burn is first cousin to the cream of Miss Knowlton's own Irish meadow lands.

"No, a girl can't choose her own native health, but if she could, a good starting place would be California. My! the air out there is made of component parts of vim, vigor and vitality—and with a little heredity to back up the H2O combination a start like that gives a girl a tendency to a sane healthy viewpoint, and that kindly attitude toward life that radiates even a homely face. "Of course, I am not posing as a beauty expert," said modest Miss Maude, "but surely we agree that an actually homely face may have a charm of spirit and intelligence, a magnetic giving out of self to the world that plays give and take all the time, you know; that a mere beauty shell which thrills you for fifteen minutes could not exert after the first quarter was past. Vim, vigor, vitality, a tolerant spirit toward the world and its inhabitants, and buoyancy to carry you over the jolting rough places will surely bring out all your good points better than a diet-lax and a course of facial massage. "Take buoyancy—it will keep you from getting the wrinkles and lines and spiritless eyes that are foes to beauty; it will spring into your step, and now I have reached a siding, for I just have to stop and talk about walking and carriage. Miss Beauty Seeker, hearken! You must walk along on the balls of your feet with buoyant spring instead of laggard slouch if you want to be truly attractive. Walk as if you could conquer worlds—and you will conquer hearts. "Swimming helps a lot in the pursuit of proper land movement, for it brings a graceful fluidity of motion—no, I don't mean a fish-walk, but just a flowing, graceful movement in walking that is sure to please everyone who sees, and that is sure to make you look fashionably tall and aviate. "Oh, if you just hold yourself firmly erect on the balls of your feet and carry head and chest high instead of sloppily caved in you will look twice as attractive. Miss Beauty Seeker—trust me for that! "Vim to keep you up above the dead level of mediocrity; vigor to convey you on to ambition and achievement; vitality that will make you ready to meet every occasion; buoyancy—of which I have sung at length—and now a tolerant spirit, of which I can not sing at enough length. You know the woman who is always pecking and picking and digging at life, who criticizes all the things that fall outside her own interests and inclinations. Her expression and attitude can ruin even a collection of perfect features and coloring. "The woman who never would do the things New York does, yet who likes to see New York doing them—if it enjoys them," I mused. "Exactly, I'll use that when I interview you," laughed merry Miss Maude. "Live and let live is a good motto for living and having the impress of living mark your face in lines of sweetness. "Now for a background to the vim, vigor, vitality lady—the simplest clothes she dares wear, so she shall not be a mere clothing girl, whose own sweet nature and expression and well-carried figure are more important than the mere garments in which she is swathed. And there's my ideal of beauty," concluded Miss Knowlton. And a very ideal ideal I call it—don't you?"

It's a Better World Than Twenty-Five Years Ago

The Improvements That Have Come Are Almost Beyond Man's Belief and in Many Evils a Crisis and Change is Near.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1913, by Star Company. Over in London a certain periodical celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary not long ago.

The editor asked many people to say where in they thought the world had improved in that quarter of a century.

It seemed an easy question to answer. The improvements in the world in twenty-five years have been almost beyond the belief of man.

We all know how many wonderful inventions have come into use in that period of time.

Most of us consider these improvements, because they are conveniences and provide for human comfort.

A few old-fashioned types of mind regard them as hindrances to mental and moral development, leading to sloth and idleness and lack of physical prowess.

But while the elevators which lift us upstairs do not develop the leg muscles, and while the harvesters and binders and vacuum cleaners do not develop the arm muscles, and while the automobiles and airplanes prevent us from walking as our ancestors walked, yet all these modern inventions are waking new cells in the human brain and giving the race greater opportunities to explore the wonderful realms of mind and spirit, which hold secrets unsuspected by the world at large; secrets which shall yet be revealed to the patient student and which shall revolutionize science and medicine and religion.

Now that the drudgery of the earth is being done by machinery and that time and distance are made as nothing by motor power, all these discoveries are becoming more and more possible, and the hour of their revelation is coming nearer and nearer.

In the last twenty-five years all this

talk of peace and disarmament has come to be heard.

War is still rampant, yet twenty-five years ago such a thing as a great peace congress would have seemed too ridiculous to deserve more than a ripple of amused comment.

Now it is a great fact. And this congress is composed of many of the most brilliant men and women of the century.

Religion has broadened and grown in this period of time amazingly. There was a strong wave of materialism a quarter of a century ago.

It was the wash on the shores from the passing of the ship of bigotry. Now that wave has subsided, and the ship of Larger Faith is sailing the high seas.

Many evils have grown worse in twenty-five years.

Just as a fever grows worse all the while it is not cured, so the evils of the world are then and there.

So even in the intensified aspect of these evils there is a betterment of the world in general; for the crisis is near, and the change will come.

THE BROADER WAY.

Lord, in this quarter of a hundred years, what mighty progress in thy world appears! Though strife and loud dissensions Yet louder still is this great talk of peace.

Edg'war exists, but stands in li' repulse. Were Homer back among us with his lute. He could not, and he would not, sing of war; For 'Peace' is what the world is craving for.

Lord, in this quarter of a century how man has grown in consciousness of Thee!

Though not by dogmas or by creeds, earnest soul looks in, and finds its Christ. Spurning old narrow paths, men's feet have trod in larger ways, and found the larger God. Now thy great truth is dimly understood. Religion lies in loving brotherhood.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Their Advice is Good.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a girl for almost a year. Within the last few weeks she has acted very funny. She told she loved me, and when I called she would be very nice to me. Her parents, knowing of this, said they did not know what to make of her. They said they would stay for a while and see what would happen.

No one knows her better than they, and their advice is worth something. Try it. Go further and occasionally call on another girl. If this brings a change in her I am afraid your case is hopeless.

She is in the Wrong. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young lady for the last seven months. About a week ago I escorted her to a dance where she met some of her old gentleman friends, who received her attention all the evening. When the time came to go home I asked her to go home with me, but she refused, saying she could go home with others. I then left her. Did I do wrong in leaving her? Who should apologize?

Richard. She refused to let you escort her home though you had taken her there. Under the circumstances there was nothing for you to do but leave her. You owe her no apology.

Battle of Lundy's Lane

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

The battle of Lundy's Lane, fought ninety-nine years ago, July 25, 1814, during the American invasion of Canada in the "War of '12," was in point of numbers, a mere skirmish; and yet for reasons which will presently appear, the battle deserves a firm place in our memories.



In the first place, the battle had a setting such as seldom falls to the lot of contending armies. It was fought within sight and sound of the mighty cataract of Niagara. The roar of the great falls mingled with the thunder of artillery and the crackle of musketry, and with the battle-smoke was interwoven the mist of the "Hell of Waters." By all means, the affair should have been named the "Battle of Niagara."

It was a most bloody battle. The Americans had about 1,000 men, the British about 1,300, and the losses in killed and wounded aggregated some 900; more than a third of the total force engaged. That was worse than the "Light Brigade" at Balaklava, or Bickett at Gettysburg. It may not have been "war," but certainly, from the viewpoint of courage, it was "magnificent."

The battle is distinguished from most other battles, too, by the fact that the men fought during the hours when, as a rule, soldiers are in bivouac. The fight began "just as the sun went down," and was finished along about midnight. It was fought not only to the accompaniment of the great stars and sun, which looked down on the combatants so unconcernedly as they tore away at each other's throats in their madges.

While the stars, from their distant vantage-ground, and the "Man in the Moon," from his safe position above the "firing line," were looking down so calmly upon the strange antics of the combatants, the American General Brown observed that a British battery on a high hill was playing havoc with his line. Calling Colonel Henry Miller to his side, he said to him: "Colonel, do you see that battery over yonder on the hill?" "I catch a vague outline of it, sir," replied Miller. "Do you think you could take it?" nervously inquired the general. "I can try, sir," answered the colonel. And he did try—and, what is better, he won, with a loss of two-thirds of his men. Three times the British rallied for the recapture of that battery, and three times Miller drove them back, held the battery, and won the field.

Niagara did not hear that "I can try, sir," the stars did not hear it, but the muse of history caught the sound of the heroic deed, and will keep them sounding down the ages.

So, "Mother's Too Fussy," is She? Poor Mother--and Poor Daughter

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"Mother's too fussy." Dear girl, I wish I could take you with me down to the police court some bright, sunny morning and see your face when the girls, whose mothers are not "too fussy," come into the court—poor, silly things—just for being out on the street at night and running about with all sorts of strangers.

"Mother's too fussy." Well, well, I suppose my little boy thinks the same thing about me. I took a sharp knife away from him the other day when I saw him running with it open in his hand. He cried and said I was cross.

I wonder what he would have said about me when he grew older if I had let him put his bright eyes out with that very knife, just because I didn't want to be "too fussy?"

I saw a girl this morning who had a mother who wasn't "fussy" at all. The girl goes to public dances—with the "other girls"—and she goes to moving picture shows every night—with "the rest of the crowd." And a few months ago a nice looking stranger came and sat with the "crowd" and when the show was over he took the whole party to have some ice cream.

Such a nice fellow he was—so polite and respectful. How "fussy" it would have been to refuse to let him speak to a girl just because she didn't know just who he was.

That's what the girl I know thought. And yesterday she was a witness in court and had to tell the judge how she came to know the man and where she got the pin he gave her—for he turned out to be a thief, and he was trying to teach the girl to steal, too—for him.

The mother who wasn't too "fussy" cried when the judge asked her what she was thinking of to let her growing girl run about like that. I'm afraid she wishes now that she'd been "fussy" in time.

So, you're too young for beaux, mother thinks. Well, little sister, I think mother is right and you are wrong, dead wrong—why shouldn't you be? Who knows most about life? Dear child—the mother who's lived it or you who only just begin to even look on?

It's not a game, child, this life you're so crazy to get into. It isn't all fun. It's something very much like work, and hard work at that. Your mother wants to save you—to help you, to keep you from harm and trouble. Why won't you let her, foolish little thing that you are?

"Don't go near the pretty light," says the mother to her silly little daughter. "Careful, careful; I signed my own wings there. Yes, I know it's bright, but it's fatal, too—there. Oh, I know it, I know." And in his pops, the little foolish moth, and flops out if she's lucky, one wing gone, the other singed—burned, frightened, hurt, puzzled—home to mother, who's "too fussy" about lights, because she knows what they are and what will happen to little foolish moths who persist in flying too close to them.

Your mother isn't your enemy, child. She isn't trying to spite you when she tells you you are too young for beaux. She's trying to save you. Can't you listen to her? What if she should be over-particular—that's better than being too easy-going when a little daughter is to be considered. What if she does want to keep you young? You'll have a long life to live without her. Can't you give her a few little happy years, the mother who loves you so?

Some day you'll wish you had. Some day you'd give every hair in your foolish head to have mother there to be "fussy" about you, and she'll be gone and there'll be no one to take her place, no one to care whether you go wrong or go right; whether you are well or ill, happy or miserable—and then?

Wait, little foolish girl; wait a little longer—just for mother's sake and your own. You'll have a whole lifetime for beaux. Would you believe it if I should tell you that some day you'll wonder what you ever saw in the dark-eyed stranger who calls you over the phone? He's pigeon-toed—honestly he is—and not so awfully bright—and, whisper again, who bought him that tie? Did he earn it himself or did mother buy it for him, and sister tell him how to wear it, and are they all laughing at you for being such a goose over him, whom you don't even know?

Think it over. It pays to think once in a while, even when you're just in high school; honestly it does.

Cupid's Play Crop

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Tourists' guide books given explicit directions for those who wish to go to mountain or seashore suitably dressed for a climb or a swim.

Don't wear thin-soled shoes; don't wear long-trained skirts; don't wear silk hose; don't wear garments built exclusively for show; don't wear this and don't wear that; page upon page for the guidance of the girl who is packing her trunk, and not a warning about a certain little adornment commonly worn in summer in a most conspicuous place.

Here is the warning which they wittily omit: Don't wear your heart on your sleeve!

A sole too thin, or a bonnet too perishable, never returned from a summer outing showing such irreparable signs of wear as the heart that is worn on the bonnet are forgotten. One seldom entirely recovers from the damage done to one's heart.

Few things said in the moonlight are said seriously. A boy, a girl, a moonlight night with its poetic accompaniment of silence and solitude; and Cupid chuckles with implied glee. He knows a spell has been thrown over the man which will cause him to say things he does not mean. He knows also that the moonlight will make of the most doubtful girl the most credulous. It is a rare setting for his annual play crop, and he raises his bow and takes careful aim at the heart worn so conspicuously, and so unguarded, on the girl's sleeve.

A play crop for Cupid, but seldom a play crop for those who are his victims. The man, after the manner of his sex, recalls other moonlight nights with other pretty girls on which were said and done the same things. Repetition of the story of love never increases its sacredness, and he has learned not to take himself too seriously. He enjoys making love. He makes it, and he forgets it.

The girl, after the manner of her unfortunate sex, wants to love and to be loved, and is so blinded by this longing to behold her lover that there is none but welcome lights in her eyes; not one little searchlight to seek out signs of insincerity.

She hears and believes, and returns from her vacation with her heart singing. She counts the days till that when he said he would come, and never learns till she has counted them off, over and over again, with her tears, that that which to her was seriousness was to him nothing more than a season's nonsense. He never comes, he never writes, and when she has waited till she can wait no longer she writes little tear-stained letters to me.

"What shall I do?" she cries. "I love him, and his silence is breaking my heart."

There is nothing she can do save wait patiently and quietly for the healing hand of time. Her heart has been battered, and the next season she doesn't wear it so conspicuously unguarded on her sleeve.

Another effective summer treatment—heat tending to cause wrinkles and flabbiness—is a skin-tightener, made by dissolving 1 oz. powdered alum in 1/2 pint witch hazel. It's use (as face bath) leaves no trace.—Advertisement.

Proper Thing Now Is to Peel Off Soiled Skin

(From Beauty's Mirror.) Those who abhor sticky, greasy, shiny, streaked complexions should realize that avoid creams, powders and rouges these heated days. There's no need for them, anyway, since the virtues of macerated wax have become known. No amount of perspiration will produce any evidence that you've been using the wax. As it is applied at bedtime and washed off in the morning, the complexion never looks like a make-up. Macerated wax gradually takes off a bad complexion instead of adding anything to make it worse. It has none of the disadvantages of cosmetics and accomplishes much more in keeping the complexion beautifully white, satiny and youthful. Just get an ounce of it at your druggist and see what a few days' treatment will do. Use like cold cream.

Another effective summer treatment—heat tending to cause wrinkles and flabbiness—is a skin-tightener, made by dissolving 1 oz. powdered alum in 1/2 pint witch hazel. It's use (as face bath) leaves no trace.—Advertisement.

PROLONGING LIFE IN DIABETES

On Monday, May 5th, 1913, San Francisco dailies published an offer that is unique, as follows:

"To show that Codelin containing optimum vitamins looks up sections commonly used in Diabetes is wrong and that Fulton's Diabetic Compound, which contains no optimum or vitamins but promotes restlessness, is right, we will say that if four physicians of good standing in this city will send us a Diabetic between fifty and seventy years of age, strong enough to call at our office, showing high specific gravity thirst and a large quantity of sugar, we will with this mild infusion to help the liver oxidize the sugars and starches, attempt to return him in sixty days with half of the sugar eliminated, with thirst and symptoms largely reduced and on the road to recovery. If we fail we will publish the fact; if we succeed the physicians will acknowledge it. We want a patient whom we can both trust. This offer is not in the nature of a contest, but to demonstrate that life can be prolonged or recovered had in many cases of Diabetes now dying under codulin. If you have Diabetes and are of middle age or over you owe it to yourself and family to try Fulton's Diabetic Compound before giving up. It can be had at Sherman & McConnell's drug stores, corner 14th and Dodge, corner 15th and Harney, corner 34th and Farnam and Hotel Loyal. Ask for pamphlet or write to John J. Fulton Company, San Francisco.